

The Future.

BY AUGUSTA G. WINTHROP.
What may we take unto the vast Forever?
That terrible door
Admit no fruit of all our long endeavor
No frame wreathed crown we wore,
No garlanded lore.

KNOCKNAGOW OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.
CHAPTER XXXVI.—CONTINUED.

"Good night to ye," said Tom Hogan, rising from his chair. "Tis time to go to bed."

"Come out, Honor, and get me a herring," said Billy Heffernan. "Faith, I'm afraid the spuds 'll be broke. I hung 'em down to bile when I was comin' out."

"All he's worth in the world," returned Mat, "is buried in the land. He couldn't give a fortune to Nancy. An' as for Jimmy, he tells me he'll run away an' live."

"I turned in to rodden the pipe when I see the doore open."

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little thing some people couldn't make harm uv. Well, 'twouldn't be aisy to make me b'lieve any bad uv Bessy Morris; though she is the divil for coortin'."

"When did he come?" she asked, without raising her eyes.

"There's my thanks for sendin' him into your own room till your grandfather was gone to bed, when I hear ye comin'."

"I don't know how you manage to come round the whole uv 'em," said Peg Brady, with a sigh.

"I wish you'd make up your mind an' take an' put the rest of my uv pain. An' maybe thin some uv us might have a chance."

"I wish to the Lord," said Peg Brady, as she raked the ashes over the embers on the hearth, "that he was after whippin' her away."

that he was in very deed the owner of six cows—"as good milkers," he muttered.

"Tom, what's the matter wud you?" Jimmy flung himself off the form, looking quite frightened, and Nancy turned round and fixed her eyes upon her father's face.

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to look displeased, while a smile of gratified vanity played upon his red lips.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STORY OF A VOCATION.

A TALE FOR THE MONTH OF MAY TOLD BY LADY HERBERT.

I do not know if any of my readers have ever staid in Austria and especially in the Austrian Tyrol; but if they have, they will have been as edified and touched as I have been at the extraordinary faith and piety of the people.

Having to linger, owing to the bad health of one of my children, in a small village of Lower Austria, there was plenty of time to study the people and their ways.

At once, the "Month of Mary" devotions in the little church began. From all the mountains round the poor people flocked to attend the services.

There is hardly a history of a vocation to the priesthood or to the religious life which is not rich in marvels of the ways of God's Providence.

Several years passed in this way, and then her husband fell ill and died. Mary nursed him with the greatest care and

tenderness, and had the consolation of seeing him thoroughly penitent before the end came. People now said and thought what a relief it would be to her to be freed from such a cross.

At last he began his theological studies, and then, of course, his mother saw little or nothing of him, but she redoubled her prayers and devotions to Our Lady on his behalf.

His mother came from a poor but most pious family in Upper Austria. Early in life she went to service, and was for years merely known as a steady, good, hard-working girl, in the cathedral town of Linz.

That happy day passed in mutual joy and spiritual intercourse, and then there was a fresh parting. Hardly second to a death-bed separation is that between a mother and her son, a priest; when they love each other tenderly and yet sacrifice that almost heavenly bliss of living and being together for the sake of God, that is to say, for a priest's first duty—his duty to souls redeemed by the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ.

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